

IN THE INCA WHISTLING JUG

END OF A DETECTIVE STORY
TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD.Introducing to the Discoverers Club Herr
Ritzhoefer, who knows the Museum
Green Woman and Thinks He Knows
Who Stole the Emperor's Emerald.

At the next Congress of Anthropology and Archeology, Prehistorical, which is to meet in Copenhagen some time next spring, Dr. Adolph Franz Ritzhoefer, if he is ever heard from again, will read a paper about the whistling water jug of the Inca culture in Peru. The SUN probably will not receive at that time a report of the learned doctor's address, but his fellow scientists, but one minor feature of the thesis which doubtless will be overlooked by them or ignored as ephemeral can be printed now. It has interest to the lay mind which does not concern itself with Peruvian whistling water jugs.

Dr. Adolph Ritzhoefer, as far as is known, has gone to Baraboo, Wis., to inspect some serpentine Indian mounds that he got back of the cemetery there, before he left to spend an evening at the Discoverers Club. What occurred there enables one to give in advance the one of vulgar interest that has buried in the address to be delivered in Copenhagen next spring.

The Discoverers Club is not now in the Club Directory of New York, because its members would not have it as it would be hard to find unless some member whom you had met at dinner and who had once listened with you to the Filipino band playing in the Alhambra on Bubbled Well Road at Shanghai had not said, "Come along over to the Discoverers Club to-night. A funny old geezer just back from Peru is going to pull off something great." Even then, if that friend had not led you across Washington Square Park, down one street, around two corners and up two flights of stairs to the clubrooms, it would have been impossible to accept the invitation.

It is very cozy, this Discoverers Club. There have a fire in the grate, the light is shut in by fine Xingu serapes that drop in soft folds of green and indigo over the square panes in the attic windows. Over the fireplace is a stand of Maori arms, and a dried and tattooed Maori head forms the base for the reading lamp on the centre table in the library. There is an Aesop feather coat draped over the framed likeness of Dr. Cook on one side of the chimney. Caribou antlers from Labrador flank a stuffed thimblehead that old Guy Healdy brought back from his last trip into Rhinoceros or some other borderland down on the Uganda frontier.

The club members were circling the fire waiting for Whittier, the Peruvian expert, to bring around Dr. Ritzhoefer. There were only six excepting the invited guest. None of their names may appear here, for it is one of the unwritten rules of the Discoverers Club that no man, whether he has sealed a peak in the Himalayas or only traced another tributary of the Amazon to its source, may seek advertisement or be given a passive part to advertisement. The glory of the club is in the fact that the members are the world's sufficient when only the little circle of the Discoverers is there before the fire to appreciate. One may say without fear of divulging identities that on this night in question two of those who smuggled their highball glasses in their hands had just come back from the unexplored north coast of Alaska, one man with a sealed check had collected a thousand different kinds of edged weapons from the natives of Mindanao. Another knew the tribal customs of the Buluts in southwestern Mongolia.

Before the doctor came talk was naturally of his exploits in the Peruvian ruins of the Andes. These men said to him that he knew no fear, no failing test of hardship, no turning back from a project once undertaken. The member who wore a strange piece of hammered gold for a watch fob—it was a Peruvian tongue weight for the dead, he said declared that once, when the Peruvian Government had sent a detail of soldiers to rescue Dr. Ritzhoefer from the Vilacota country, the Government believing that he had been captured by the native tribes, it had been Ritzhoefer himself who had rescued the soldiers from a seemingly impossible cul de sac in the mountains.

Written came with the doctor just in time to interrupt the climax of this tale. Introductions were hearty and of a certain wholesome familiarity as between craftsmen. Hardly had the doctor dropped his great bulk into the largest and softest Morris chair when he was asked to name his liquor. He said "Vodka," and he got a there in the Discoverers Club, whereas he might have cried through the streets for a mile thereabout and not found vodka.

Archaeologists at Harvard or in Copenhagen or Edinburgh do not have to read a description of Dr. Adolph Franz Ritzhoefer, but for the benefit of people who do not know all about the Maya culture in Yucatan or the phallic signs of the ancient Kings one may sketch him with three strokes. All Teutonic, with a great weight of coloring, great strength, heavy hair, beard, blue eyes and a voice like a toad. Above all a presence radiating a definite air of mastery and indomitable will. When Dr. Ritzhoefer laughs, which is rare, it is a laugh to rouse the stationary post cop three blocks away.

In ten minutes the doctor was brother to all. With his thickly bearded speech he smiled and mumbled little bits of story and anecdote. His blue eyes smiled through clouds of cigarette smoke and his beard nodded humorously.

He had promised you a little interesting thing tonight, my friends," he finally said after half an hour had brought the warmth of comradeship up to a caloric maximum. "It is a little experiment which I will make before your eyes. I do not know how she is coming out, no one does as yet, so we are all equally interested, hey?"

There was a quick shuffling of chairs closer and an eager propping of chins on elbows. The doctor let his merry eyes wander over the faces marked clear and white by the firelight and he smiled. Then he reached back into a pocket of the ridiculously tattered frock coat that he wore and brought out a package about as large as two fists. He took many wrappings of tissue paper from it and finally set down in the center of the table an outlandish earthenware object.

It was shaped roughly in the semblance of a bird, like a bird sprouting from a potato. Wings were traced in the baked clay, there was a head and a bill, which had at its tip a round opening. In the middle of the back a little square cover fitted into another opening. The clay bird stood grotesquely on four peg feet, like a duck with sleeping sickness.

"See this little beauty, gentlemen!"

the doctor exclaimed. "It is a Peruvian whistling jug—just a whistling jug as you and I look at it. But I have an idea, gentlemen, I have an idea that it is something many times more interesting, and we are here to-night to see."

The German took up one of the glasses of water from the table, lifted the top from the middle of the clay bird's back and poured about a glassful of water into the clay "jug."

"Now, listen," he said, and he raised the bird by the tail and inverted the beak over the glass. A thin stream of water spouted from the bill in little jets. It came only intermittently, and between each jet of water a soft, bubbling whistle came from somewhere within the clay form of the bird. It sounded like the first effort of a very little boy trying to purse his lips to a tune.

"Very pretty, that, hey?" The doctor turned his great head from one to another about the group. "I will not try to make an explanation of it, but I will tell you which produces this whistling. There are pipes inside and there is a little round stone that goes bobbly-bubble, stopping the water and letting the air pass through the pipes. I do not know how it is done."

"Now, there is nothing especially unusual about this whistling jug. There are many of these such in the Inca ruins. But listen."

Dr. Ritzhoefer stopped abruptly and seemed to be struggling to find concise English for his speech. He began thus: "You all like to read detective stories. The stories when you are tired and your mind is a bit jaded. So do I. But never have I read a detective story 2,000 years old. No, never. Worse yet, never have I worked with my own brain a detective story 2,000 years old. Never before now. But now I am working on it. To-night we come to the end of that story."

"You have seen in that Museum of Natural History of course. And you are seeing there many times the Green Woman. She lies there in a case just as I found her in the shaft of an Inca copper mine down in the Andes. She is petrified by the drippings of copper water, petrified just as she lay when she was killed. Even you remember, the ankles of fur are by her ankles, and the lifeless face is there. Ah, yes, you have all seen her. But do you notice when you are looking at her that her right hand is extended and her fingers are crooked as if she were holding something when death came to her? No, then, look again when next you go there, for this little whistling jug was what she was holding. By a miracle it was saved when the mine was closed and buried the Green Woman. When I dug her out very carefully this little whistling bird was just beyond the tips of her fingers, where it had slipped from her hand when death came to her."

One man in the group gingerly touched the tip of the clay bird's bill and drew away his hand suddenly. The doctor smiled. "But, gentlemen, I must not keep you always anxious. I hurry through my detective story."

"This Green Woman I found several years ago. She came to the museum from Peru. But when I go back to Peru and to the same place where the Green Woman is found I make many interesting discoveries. First place, I trace through the pictures and the writings the story of the Emperor's jewel. Bit by bit, on pieces of crockery and on writings on the walls, is the story of the Emperor's jewel and how it is stolen by many hundreds of years ago. The pictures say a slave stole it from his treasury."

"Now we are getting there, gentlemen. In the shaft of this old copper mine, bones which are not numbered. They are skeletons, three of them. By chance of God only the Green Woman lies under a trickle of copper water and she is a mummy. What? Kind? Human? No, skeletons? Ah, you ask. I find each has his head broken open, with the marks of a cutting instrument on the skull. And I find by the skeletons, each one, the fragments of little whistling jugs such as this one. By the Green Woman is a whistling jug that is not broken."

"What does that mean? I do ask myself that time and time and no rise can I see here. I go and look 2,000 years back to what happens in that copper mine. Slaves only work the copper mine, men and women both. But here are three skeletons of slaves, yes, for argument they are slaves, each has been killed by a blow on the head and each whistling jug has been broken open."

"Why? Ah, believe me, gentlemen, that is a question that hammer-hammers through my head. Why? And there the Green Woman with a whistling jug by her hand. Providence spurs the woman's form in permanent copper, but what she spoke the jug?"

"Wait, I argue to myself. I reconstruct. The Emperor's jewel is in my mind. The pictures and the writings say a slave stole the Emperor's jewel from the treasury. There in the shaft of the copper mine and the whistling jugs they had are broken open in search. Yes, say I."

"The fourth slave, the Green Woman, she is killed, you say, but you cannot see it standing and looking through the glass in the case. For some reason her whistling jug is not broken. Who knows why? A wall? Just then and the Green Woman was buried beneath rock. The assassins were driven off. Maybe, but that was hundreds of years ago and events leave no trace on rock there. A chunk of coal dropped in the grate and the noise was like the slamming of a door."

"So?" Dr. Ritzhoefer picked up the clay bird and shook it. A faint rattle sounded through its bulging sides.

"Every whistling jug has a little round stone in it, a little bubble-hole against stone in it, and the doctor was saying, 'but this one—'

The big Teuton let his eyes pass slowly from face to face. He saw a spell written deep in the lines of mouths and narrowed eyes. Upshooting pencils of cigarette smoke jiggled from fingers that could not be still.

"And so, gentlemen, to-night we come to the end of my detective story. Is it or is it not?"

The doctor picked up a paperweight and smashed the clay bird to fenders.

A loud bubble-hole popped from the clay shards and rolled over the smooth mahogany. When it came to rest all the light from the lamp was sucked into it and hurried back in a dazzling shaft.

It was an emerald, as big as a plum pit.

BRANDIS WISCONSIN'S LAWYER

Boston Attorney to Represent the State at Tobacco Hearing.

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 22. Gov. McGovern has authorized Louis D. Brandis of Boston to represent Wisconsin at the proceedings in the Federal Court in New York growing out of the undertaking to reorganize the tobacco trust.

The step was taken in the interest of the tobacco growers of Wisconsin. Wisconsin's interest is chiefly due to the fact that the southern counties are extensively engaged in tobacco raising. Wisconsin has been regarded as valuable for cigar wrappers. There are also many manufacturing concerns in the tobacco business in this State which might be affected.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

There is a fine twelve story apartment house in the Murray Hill section just off Fifth avenue, adjoining which is a much lower dwelling. On the roof of the latter, tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, is a white signboard with red lettering on it. It looks up toward the windows of the apartment house and this is what it says:

Please do not throw bottles on this roof.

To attract patronage the proprietor of a small Bowery restaurant has the following notice on his front windows in large whitewash letters:

We don't use Oleomargarine, but just butter, WHICH I EAT MYSELF.

A Brooklyn florist was showing a friend around his greenhouse. The friend noticed that there were two hives of bees in the house and asked the florist why he kept bees.

"In the winter I grow cucumbers under glass here," answered the florist. "The bees circulate around among the cucumber blossoms and carry the pollen from one blossom to another, fertilizing the blossoms, so that I get a much larger crop than otherwise. You see there's no breeze in here to scatter the pollen. It's a trick all farmers know."

"Naturally, I am glad that my wife is a good housekeeper, nevertheless the flaunting of her accomplishments becomes somewhat embarrassing at times," said the middle aged globe trotter.

Shortly before starting back to America we watched the changing of the royal guards one morning at Buckingham Palace. A very impressive ceremony. Royal Britons and sympathetic visitors alike stood interested and silent. Presently the new ranks, formed, and the old guard, preceded by the Coldstream band, marched away to the barracks. Then my wife spoke.

"Well," said she, "I'm glad I came. I hadn't said so, for myself I never would have believed that the Queen has such sash curtains just like mine hanging at three of her front windows."

One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street at Seventh avenue was jammed out to the car tracks with fans watching a bulletin board for the play of one of the world's series games. A big touring car with a big man and a pretty little woman in the front seat halted in the car track.

The bulletin board interested the pair and the automobile stood still. The man, who was by the clang of a trolley car going behind, an effort to start the machine showed that the engine was dead. The big man was shamefaced and annoyed. A pretty little woman got out and cranked the engine and the crowd gave her a rousing cheer. Then as she mounted the car and the car started she turned to the crowd and cried out:

"Don't blame my husband, he's crippled and has to be helped in and out of the car."

WANDERLUSTY HEN.

She sells a Paper to Get Carfare to Take Her Back to Arcady.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 22. The white leghorn hen owned by John Groban has decided that the life of a hobo is preferable to living in a flat.

Groban, who formerly lived in Glenville, moved to a flat in North Tarrytown last week. The smallness of the back yard caused the hen to grow morose and it decided to return to its old home. Glenville is reached by trolley and the hen knew the route well because it had often walked with Groban to the trolley car.

How to get a nickel car fare was a problem which the hen had to solve, but luck favored it. Groban works for a weekly newspaper which sells at a cents a copy. The hen went to the office on Friday night and got a copy to bring home. Fred Muskat, who keeps a meat shop across the street, always buys the weekly, and when he saw the hen with the paper in its beak he thought it would be a good joke to take the paper, pay the hen a nickel and send it back to the office.

It was just what the hen wanted. It flew down the street carrying away the money. Muskat and his friends laughed and told Groban about it.

The hen did not go home on Friday night but early yesterday morning it hopped on a trolley car. The conductor recognized it as Groban's and was going to put it off when it opened its beak and dropped a nickel in his hand. He had to pay it up and the hen stayed aboard until Glenville was reached. Then it hopped off and gave a loud cackle of freedom.

To-day it was reported that the hen was paying its board by laying eggs at neighbors' houses and seemed happy in the role of a hobo.

Pear Tree Abloom in October.

A pear tree in the garden of 633 Avenue E. Bayonne, is being closely watched. Late summer the tree yielded a full crop of fruit. It is again in bloom and gives promise of yielding a second crop.

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NEW DARTMOUTH DORMITORY.

Trustees Vote to Do Nothing to Limit Growth of College.

HANOVER, N. H., Oct. 22.—The trustees of Dartmouth College met yesterday and voted to build another dormitory, to make other additions to meet the growth of the college, and placed themselves on record as opposed to any restriction in the size of the institution.

These actions were taken on the recommendation of President Nichols, who reported that the present equipment was insufficient. The resolution opposing further restriction was to the effect that as no plan could be devised for artificially limiting the growth of the college that would not result in injury to one or another of its vital interests, the trustees decided to make no effort to restrict the sphere of the college or to interfere with its normal growth, but rather to face the financial and educational responsibilities which the increase entails, and to continue in the future to do their best for the increasing demand for higher education in the State and the nation.

The college now has 1,306 members, 427 of whom are freshmen. The class of 1912 is larger than the whole college was a decade ago, and only 923 can now be accommodated in the dormitories. This year for the first time freshmen have been made to wear a distinctive cap, so that they could be known, whereas formerly all the undergraduates knew each other.

The new dormitory will accommodate 100 students, and will be built by Rich of New York. It will be three stories high and will be ready next fall.

President Nichols expects that when this dormitory is finished one of the old dormitories, probably Wentworth, now almost a hundred years old, will be remodelled into a recitation and lecture hall so as to relieve the present congestion in the classrooms.

The trustees also decided to widen Rollins Chapel forty feet, as it is now almost impossible to assemble all the college there on one day.

Sachael Goddard, Amherst, formerly New York State Librarian and superintendent of the library at the University of West Virginia and of Texas University, was appointed college librarian.

OPERA SINGERS ALMOST HERE.

Maggie Teyte, Dalmore, Bassi, Sammarco and Others Arrive To-morrow.

Miss Maggie Teyte, the English prima donna whom Andreas Dippel engaged to create the title role in Massenet's "Cendrillon" at its initial production in Philadelphia on November 6, will arrive in New York to-morrow on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. Miss Teyte has sung at the Paris Opera Comique, Covent Garden, London, and at numerous Continental opera houses. She will make her New York debut as *Micela* in "Carmen," with Mary Garden in the title role.

Other singers who are passengers aboard the Kaiser Wilhelm II. are Charles Dalmore, Amadeo Bassi, Mario Sammarco, Gustave Huberdeau and Hector Dufrance. They will go direct to Philadelphia, where the opera season will open on Friday, November 3. On that occasion Mary Garden will make her debut in the role of *Carmen*.

Arrangements have been completed for the appearance of Vladimir de Pachmann, the pianist, at the first of the Sunday evening concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House, November 26, when he will play for the first time this season the Chopin F minor concert, with the orchestra and will also be heard in several groups of solos.

NEW OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Change in Time of Curtain Rising in "The Garden of Allah."

Owing to the length of the performance of "The Garden of Allah" at the Century Theatre the curtain hereafter will rise at 8 o'clock sharp, evenings and at 2 o'clock sharp at matinees. The play opens with a scene indicative of the desert in which a caravan crosses the stage and a number of Arabs "pray the sun up." Liebler & Co. suggested yesterday the advisability of all being seated on the rise of the curtain, as during the passage of the caravan the auditorium is darkened and late comers will have to remain unseated until the succeeding scene.

Subscriptions received last week at the Institute of Musical Art for the special course on the general knowledge and appreciation of music indicate that this department of the school will be one of the most popular of the year. Dr. Waldo S. Pratt, Henry E. Krehbiel, Thomas Tappan, William J. Henderson and Daniel Gregory Mason will deliver altogether 120 lectures on music and correlative subjects.

NO RAFFLE AT HIS CHURCH.

Pastor Meury Tells It Gambling to Sell Chances at a Fair.

The Rev. Emil A. Meury, pastor of the Second Reformed Church of Jersey City, said yesterday that no raffling or chances will be allowed at the church fair which will open to-night at Pohlmann's Hall and continue throughout the week.

A church has no more right to promote gambling than to have a horse race," said the pastor.

A lace handkerchief given by Mrs. Taft, wife of the President, will be an exhibit at the fair.

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